

The New York Cousin

Discourses on the Automobiling Fad.



SOMETHING TO WEAR WHEN MAKING THE FIRST FALL CALLS.



THE JERSEY LILY IN YACHTING COSTUME WHICH SHE ALSO USES FOR AUTOMOBILING.



AN IDEA FOR AN ALL-BLACK GOWN.

A PEARL "STOMACHER" WITH CORAL AND AMBER BEADS STRUNG IN IT.

She Tells How Mrs. John Jacob Astor Has Made Children Fashionable in Society and Discusses the New Habit Gowns for Fall—The Advice of a Fifth Avenue Modiste on How to Fit Them—Starvation Lunches Specially Planned by Caterers—Mrs. Keppel, the King's Favorite, and the Duchess of Marlborough, the Queen's Favorite, Are Both to Remain Here Some Time.

Special Correspondence of The Sunday Republic.

New York, Sept. 6.—Dearest Gracia: Automobiling is as great a fad here as bicycling was five years ago, when everybody went about in bicycle costume to show that there was a wheel at home. People ride the wheel now, but they do not wear their bicycle clothes all the time. Automobiling has the center of the stage, and it is as fashionable now to wear auto tops as it once was bicycle attire.

By their peculiarities you can know them, these auto clothes, for they in no way resemble any others. They do not come in full costumes, but in parts of costumes, the whole making an outfit.

Mrs. Clarence Mackay's automobile goggles are so becoming to her that the women are rushing off to get plain glasses, and when you see a pair of pretty eyes shielded by eyeglasses you never know whether the wearer does it because she is nearsighted or because of the auto fad. The true automobile goggles are very large, and are framed in spectacle fashion. They are made of window glass, and are built for dust alone. Then there are pince nez, or "nose glasses," that are planned upon the same lines, but are a little smaller and more becoming to the average eye.

ABOUT AUTO CLOTHES.

Auto shoes have tops differing from the lower, and the auto hat is one that is trimmed with a veil, while a veil streamer fastens it to the collar in some pretty way. The automobile cloak is already known to you, though this fall you will see it without the raglan sleeves, and the automobile glove is one that is very heavy on the inside and rather thin outside. It has a gauntlet top. For some strange reason, it is not the thing to use a lap robe when autoling, and, therefore, one's shoes are always much in evidence, and must be, consequently, pretty. The French call it *tenue-tout-ensemble*, and the English call it just as it is used to be the bike.

Dear, dear, what a fall we shall have of novelties! I saw such a charming gift the other day, which is to go with a masculine card to one of the swiftest girls in Gotham—yet not in Gotham, for she is in the mountains, a confirmed mountain maid, when all the rest are back from the yachting.

The gift is a staff, something like a Bo-Peep's crook, but without the crook and a little longer. It is just the height of the girl, who is 5 feet 7. It is made of medium wood, probably crab-apple wood, and has a ferrule as deep as your finger. The top is finished with a deep cap of silver, smooth, and with an inscription upon it. Half way down there is a band around the staff, and to it is attached a ring through which the girl can slip her hand in climbing. It is a very neat and serviceable gift, and one that could be brought into use all the fall upon the damp leaves, and later, when snow and ice cover the ground. Just the thing to take with you to a winter house party, is it not, Gracia?

THOSE VERY THIN GOWNS.

It is simply shocking, my dear, to observe the extent to which the diaphanous qualities of the new gowns are carried; and particularly in this true of the evening gowns, though the same might be said of the street dresses, which are certainly very transparent as to parts of the robe.

In a street gown I saw a thin broadcloth, with yoke of duchess lace. Part of the yoke was very thickly lined with the most beautiful velvet, while other parts were un-

lined entirely, suggesting that one might catch cold in spots. The velvet was laid under the lace in diamonds, the points just touching, and the transparency in between.

For evening it is wonderful that so many changes can be rung upon the thin yokes. Quite the newest bodice yet was in the form of a bloused shirtwaist of crepe de Paris, with large blocks of lace set across the front, from neck to bust, the corners pointing downward, while bands of the lace were set in from the bust to the belt. It made a waist apparently all of lace, yet with the delicately creped stuff holding the lace in shape. The color was royal yellow, that color almost as deep as butter color, and beneath it was worn a waist made entirely of chiffon lined with lace. Underneath all could be plainly seen the white of the skin.

The evening skirt of the winter, Gracia, is to be—don't look incredulous—white satin. Nothing, you know, could be more serviceable, for it can be so nicely cleaned, and, as for wear, there is really no wear-out to it. It must be beautifully hung, very long, and it should be trimmed with a draped flounce which can be removed.

THE SKIRT FOR EVENING.

Underneath the lace flounce there must be a shaped ruffle, so that when the lace is taken off the skirt is as good as a new one. For genuine ready-to-wear qualities nothing ever equaled a white satin skirt. It looks well with anything, and, if you would copy the ultra-fashionable set of Gotham, wear yours with a waist of black lace over white and ribbons of turquoise blue. That is the combination worn by Mrs. George Keppel the other day—the King's favorite.

And speaking of the favorite at court, do you know that we are to have Mrs. Keppel in our midst for some time this fall? She and the Duchess of Marlborough are to remain for some weeks after the cup races. The Duchess is the favorite of the Queen, while Mrs. Keppel is the one who drives away King Edward's blues. Very lovely is she in her trim and always exquisitely made gowns and much admired by all the court, including Queen Alexandra, who counts Mrs. Keppel as her friend.

One of Mrs. Keppel's gowns was well worth noting, so neat was it in its general style—so stunningly neat! It was built of a very heavy net, which appeared to be half silk and half cotton, all in black. Underneath there shone a lining of very brilliantly finished taffeta. Up the front, as deep as the knee, there was a source of black lace taffeta. A little Eden was worn over it, as the day showed the first breeze of fall.

BLACK, WITH BRIGHT COLORS.

One sees very little black without its touch of color, just as one sees little color without its touch of black. So, with this very pretty gown, which was for traveling, yachting or the street, there was a bow of silk and velvet, chiffon and chenille, all in emerald green, while the hat, which was a Gainsborough, was in emerald-green velvet, trimmed with white feathers.

All things, this autumn, demand slenderness, and to attain it, dear cousin, is our greatest ambition. I think, dear cousin, that I have reached the minimum and am as willowy as is becoming, but there are others, oh, so many others, who are too stout or too thick or too bulky or too cumbersome or too something that is pre-

duced by too much fat. In reducing, you know, one must guard against leanness, scrawfiness or lackliness, and must aim at just the right quantity of flesh. One must be lean—that is the word—but not lanky. Svelt, they call it when one has attained just the right proportions for one's height, and where one's height is fairly good.

So great is the rage for getting thin that starvation lunches are given, at which not an ounce of fat-producing food is served. The lunches formerly consisted of clams, mutton broth, cold beef and pulled bread, browned to a crisp, with rice pudding, delicately molded and iced, for dessert. But now a revision of opinion has taken place, and quite a different menu is served. From the latest cabled reports, German physicians are feeding sugars to patients desiring to get thin, and starch foods to the exclusion of meats, claiming that the latter produce fat.

STARVATION LUNCHES.

Of course, with the conflicting advice, one does not know exactly what to do, but in the face of both a Gotham woman,

afflicted with too much avoirdupois, gave a luncheon the other day, at which she served the following menu: First, jellied chicken, then oyster crab omelette, then came mushrooms in a chafing dish, with cold tongue and Saratoga chips; then a green salad, and, finally, sliced fruits of all kinds, food and served with every kind of cake, the cake being the only sweet on the menu. Fashionable caterers are getting up these lunches, warranted not to add an ounce of flesh.

A French physician specialist is in town, quietly treating those who desire to reduce. His method is simple but painful. It consists in going without one's breakfast and taking the very lightest of lunch. For the first few days the hunger is extreme; then gradually one gets used to dieting, and at the end of two weeks can scarcely partake of a full dinner. When the desired state of leanness is obtained—and for this one goes by the proportions of the Venus de Milo—then one returns to one's old dietary.

SUITS FOR SMALL BOYS.

We who are in the swim have much to

endure, as well as much to enjoy. The latest affliction is that imposed upon us in the shape of entertaining the youngest member of the family. You do not understand. Well, listen. A month ago, maybe more, maybe less, Mrs. John Jacob Astor arrived at Newport with her young son Vincent. Now, Vincent is a lad of 10 or more, a fine fellow, manly in his actions, with a way of looking at you as though he understood things. We all took to him immensely, and it was really a treat to see him and his mamma come in sight, for both were so sure to be refreshing; mamma because of her very nice, clever ways, and Vincent because of his ideal manliness.

But, what do you suppose? as they say down in Maine. The next day there appeared upon the beach no less than six young mammas, all with their children, and a few days later, at the Casino, there were not less than fifteen, all surrounded by their little broods. It was very pretty to the on-looker, but, alas, for the friend of the family! I declare to you, Gracia, that I am worn out, absolutely worn out, entertaining

the children. It would be enough if they were the sons and daughters of our friends, but, alas, they are not. Mrs. X—I really dare not mention her name—has sent off to Europe to bring her home, while Mrs. Y—a dear, entertaining little woman until this episode—has actually borrowed three from a distant cousin. Children are to be in style this fall, and the dearest, most matronly little gowns are to be worn.

The Astor boy wore a two-piece suit, the upper part being a Norfolk jacket with a box plait each side the front and a belt. The trousers were knickerbockers. The material was an Irish suiting, with tiny specks of blue and red and black upon a ground of gray. The two-piece suits for boys are very fashionable. The sack, made like a man's sack suit, is becoming and is made either to the waist line or very much longer, in some cases coming almost to the knees. It is buttoned up to the chin and is worn without a vest, the boy's shirt waist being worn underneath.

A GOWN FOR MORNING.

That Miss Handy, whom every one says is engaged to James Brown Potter, wore a sweet morning dress a few days ago. It was one of those black foulards, just suitable for fall, with hoops of lettuce-green interlaced through it. The waist was a blouse in lettuce-green, with a little habit jacket of black velvet buttoned tightly over it, with big silver buttons. She wore a hat in green. It was for shopping, but might have been worn anywhere.

They are to wear these little habit coats so much, this season. If you have not seen them you will best understand if I tell you that it is a tight-fitting basque, just like the old-fashioned basques, but very short at the sides, while the front comes down to a point. The back is finished with two postillion ends, rather wide, but not so as to make the back shovel-shaped by any means. Very often the belt type is worn to hold the back down very tight. They make these in black velvet. Can you fancy anything more elegantly becoming to the figure, and in mid-faded cloth?

The Duchess of Marlborough, about whom every one is talking now, wore one of habit green cloth, precisely the shade one chooses for a riding habit. The skirt resembled a habit in its plainness, while the waist was very snug. The jacket unbuttoned and could be removed to show a very neat little bodice underneath.

TO FIT A HABIT WAIST.

You will find your needle, dear Gracia, put to great test this season, for the waist is to be made to fit, being fitted more. They will be straight in front and boned to keep them stiff, but the sides will be fitted and it is such an art to make the sides smooth without touching the front.

In your letter, dear cousin, you asked me to visit a fashionable cutter and to advise you upon the latest points in dress-making. I did so and paid \$5 for an hour's talk, but it was worth the money. Kittie G., who went with me, offered to pay half of it, just for the privilege of listening.

This modiste, among other things, said: "You may tell your friend—I had told her the advice was for a friend—that the long waist is to be worn. To get it the bodice must be pulled down, not up. Cut the goods from a perfect pattern and bustle. Try on. You will find that there is something wrong, as a general thing, on the shoulders and across the bust. Pad the bust, if too loose, but for the shoulder treatment, pull the waist down, not up. Pull down as far as you can and fit in at the side seams. Do not lift it on the shoulders nor touch the shoulder seams, if you can possibly help it. Keep on pulling down and pinning in, and very soon you will have a well-fitting waist."

FITTING THE NEW SKIRT.

"In fitting the skirt, if too long, cut it off at the belt line; never around the bottom. Fit the hips very snug and wear a silk skirt always. If silk skirts fray too soon, let the upper part be of silk and the lower part of moreen. You cannot get a good fit any other way."

"I make it a custom to have my patron who is being fitted stand with her hands on each hip, will be a delightful little recipe, suitable for making a chafing dish of an evening, for, though Lily and Peter will have barrels of money, both are domestic and will enjoy the little white book when the evenings grow long and Peter begins to long for the club. On the cover Kittie will sketch in black ink, in outline, a kitten, while in the corner will be a lily. Pretty idea, is it not? Your loving NEW YORK COUSIN.

MEXICANS REAR MONUMENT TO A PATRIOTIC WOMAN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

In the Plaza Santa Domingo, in Mexico City, a beautiful statue has been erected in honor of Dona Maria Josefa Ortiz de Dominguez, who is known as "The Woman Patriot of Queretaro," for the reason that she played a heroic part in that city during the great struggle for Mexican independence.

The wife of Don Miguel Dominguez, the corregidor, or chief magistrate, of Queretaro, and herself a patriot, she became one of the leading spirits at the meetings which the patriots held. Hidalgo, the leader, looked upon her as one of his best allies. In September, 1810, he announced his intention of proclaiming independence on October 1, but before that day arrived Captain Arias of the King's army, who had pledged his support to Hidalgo, turned State's evidence and revealed the plot, naming among the conspirators Dominguez and his wife.

Dominguez was arrested and imprisoned, the latter being confined in the ancient Convent of La Cruz, which was later Maximilian's prison, while his wife was locked up in Santa Clara. So it was that on the very day when the corregidora lost her liberty, liberty for the people, which she had so stoutly championed, was proclaimed in the little pueblo of Dolores.

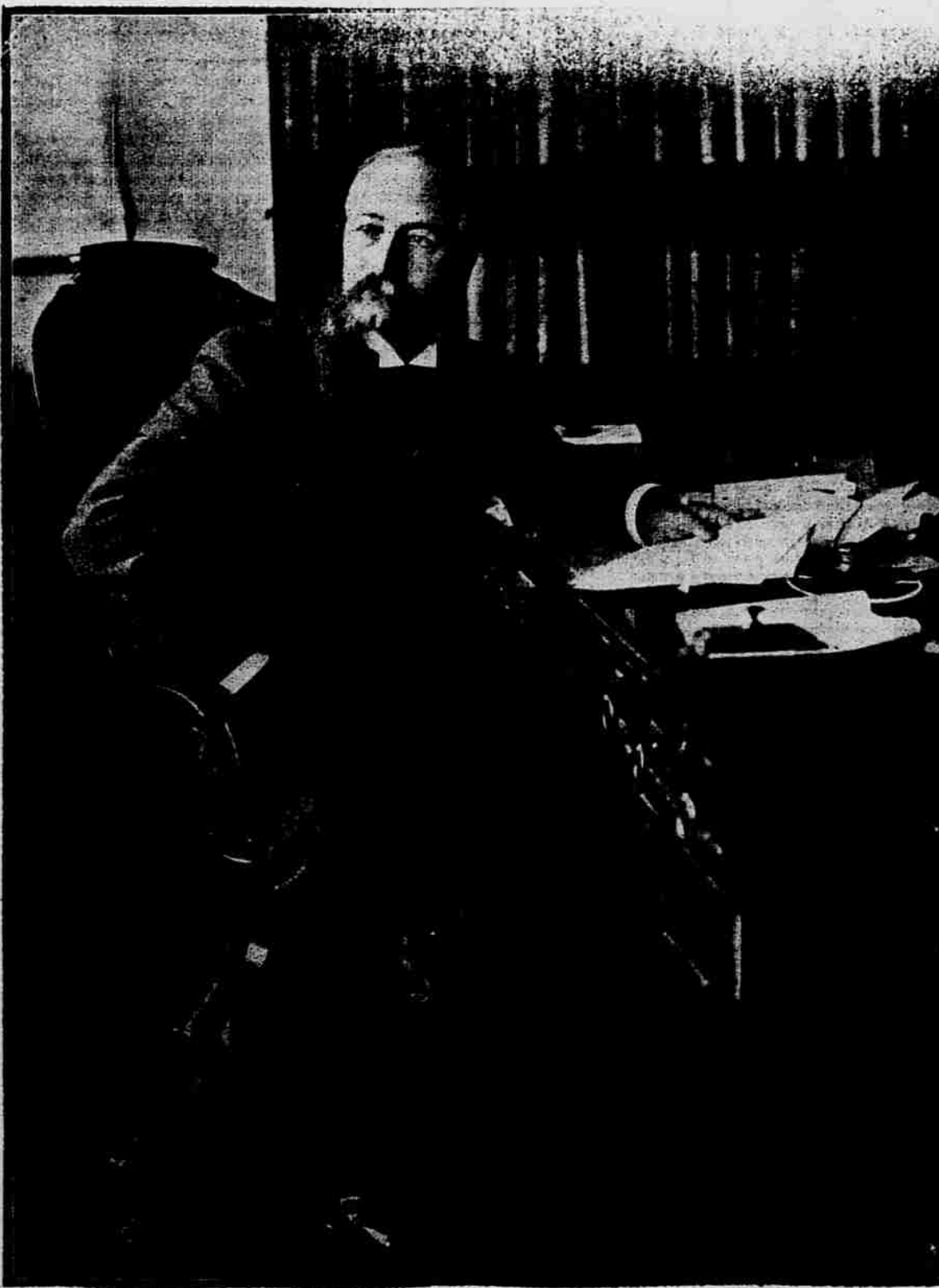
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once responded. It is said that Dona Maria gave her instructions to him through the keyhole, and the ponderous lock, a key of the palace door are shown in this day in the museum at Queretaro.

She told him to send a reliable messenger to San Miguel to warn the revolutionists, but Perez, unwilling to trust any messenger, rode there himself and went thence to Dolores, where he found Hidalgo. Seeing that a crisis had come, the latter determined to proclaim independence at once, and this he did. The day was Sunday, and as the people were flocking to mass Hidalgo called upon them to throw off the Spanish yoke, while in the corner will be a lily. "Viva la Independencia! Viva la America!" Thus began the long fight for liberty, and it would not have begun then if Dona Maria had not sent timely warning to the leaders of the movement.

Meanwhile Dona Maria and her husband had been arrested and imprisoned, the latter being confined in the ancient Convent of La Cruz, which was later Maximilian's prison, while his wife was locked up in Santa Clara. So it was that on the very day when the corregidora lost her liberty, liberty for the people, which she had so stoutly championed, was proclaimed in the little pueblo of Dolores.

During this struggle Dona Maria suffered much, but her high spirit remained undaunted. The statue erected to Dona Maria will henceforth be one of the sights of Mexico.



JOHN B. HARLOW IN HIS OFFICE.

Mr. Harlow was formerly Postmaster of St. Louis. He is now a United States Civil Service Commissioner.